

THE PACIFIC

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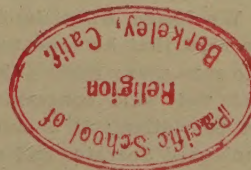
No. 29.

WHAT MAKES A NATION GREAT?

Not serried ranks with flags unfurled,
Not armored ships that gird the world,
Not hoarded wealth nor busy mills,
Not cattle on a thousand hills;
Not sages wise, nor schools, nor laws,
Not boasted deeds in freedom's cause.
All these may be, and yet the state
In the eye of God be far from great.

That land is great which knows the Lord,
Whose sons are guided by His word;
Where justice rules 'twixt man and man,
Where love controls in act and plan;
Where breathing in his native air
Each soul finds joy in praise and prayer.
Thus may our country, good and great,
Be God's delight, man's best estate.

—Alexander Blackburn.



THE PACIFIC

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GROUND ON WHICH EVERYBODY CAN BACK UP THE GOVERNMENT IN ITS PROSECUTION OF THE WAR WITHOUT SACRIFICING THEIR CONVICTIONS.

Last week we presented some of the views of an eminent Englishman who does not blame Germany any more than he blames his own nation for the war. We stated then that we would consider this week those things which led our own Government to declare war, and would state then on what grounds The Pacific advocated the prosecution of it. We find now that we have no space this week in which to consider in detail, as we intended to do, that course of conduct by Germany which led our Government to take the action that it did take and enter the great world war. Suffice it, accordingly, to state here that we have gone over in the most careful manner the occurrences which led up to this action and have not been able to follow President Wilson and Congress to their conclusions. Nevertheless, we believe that it was not possible for our country to remain out of the conflict. Whether rightly or wrongly, we had to get in, and now that we are in we must move through to the end with all our might. In other words, we've got to fight it out. We believe that it is possible for the people of this country to stand together to this end, despite the fact that there are widely divergent views as to why our nation is in the war. And in doing so it is not necessary to give acceptance to the devilish doctrine of "My Country, Right or Wrong." The Pacific cannot stand for that for an instant—any more than it could justify a man standing to the defence of a relative who had deliberately and without provocation murdered another. We heard a doctor in Berkeley say the other day, "My country, right or wrong." We heard Billy Sunday say it in San Francisco, and have read that he repeated it in New York. Sunday said it, as he says many other things, ignorantly, of course. It has been well said concerning such rant and "rot": "This is not patriotism; it is moral insanity; this kind of patriotism poisoned Socrates and crucified Jesus."

Inasmuch as many of our people are puzzled since the United States entered the war as to how to be loyal to their convictions and themselves, and yet stand back of the Government in its prosecution of the war, we shall set forth how in our judgment all this can be accomplished.

In the first place the war can be looked at as an irrepressible conflict—something that had to be ere humanity could move further along the path of progress. The whole world was thoroughly materialistic; it had reached a

point where such a cataclysm was unavoidable, a point where nothing other was possible; it was a natural consequence of the life individuals and nations had been living—we, as well as the peoples and nations of Europe. It was necessary for us, as well as for the people of Europe, that we find our souls; and President Wilson and the Congress of the United States may have rushed into the war just as blindly as it has long seemed to many of the most careful students of affairs the nations of Europe did.

There is a passage of Scripture that is not without significance here and now: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him. * * * I will gird thee, though though hast not known me." God causes the wrath of man to praise him and uses blunders for the accomplishment of his purposes. Joseph said to his brethren, who had sold him into slavery: "As for you, ye meant evil against me; but God meant it for good, to bring to pass, as it is this day to save much people alive."

Self-preservation is not the deepest and strongest instinct in human nature; but self-immolation is. The work which gives the most satisfaction is impersonal in its motive. Millions of men in Europe have laid their lives on the altars of their country; they have been giving them for the common good—in England, France, Germany, and in every country having part in the war. It matters not whether in error or not, they have transcended self, and are finding their souls. We, too, are to find ours if the war goes on long enough. If not, then, in the war, in what we shall be called on to do immediately after the war in the years of reconstruction—for life is to be refounded.

But how can those who were pacifists and who were advocating a continuing neutral stand on the part of the United States—how can they get behind the Government now?

We had a letter from a pacifist friend a few weeks ago who in his letter tried to show how he could back up the United States Government. To this end he stirred himself into a white heat over the ruthlessness of Germany in the prosecution of the war. He cut loose entirely from all the causes of the war and allowed his mind to concentrate on Germany's ruthlessness—even to the utter disregard of all the provocations thereunto. He thought this to be necessary; and seemingly, just. We do not. We shall not lose sight of the fact that Germany has acted very wickedly, but we shall hold to the position of many experts that "each belligerent would have acted about the same as any other belligerent under similar conditions." If we had space we could show this conclusively to very many.

Nor shall we lose sight of the fact that two wrongs do not make a right, and argue that Germany is to be excused now because England acted similarly in some respects in the past. Germany got caught in her acts and enmeshed as England did not in earlier years.

But in thinking on Germany's ruthlessness we have to keep in mind the fact that when the United States Government made a proposition to Great Britain and Germany that would have brought maritime warfare onto the Declaration of London, the former turned the proposition down while the latter accepted it. John W. Burgess, formerly Professor of Constitutional and International Law and Dean of the Faculties of Political Science, Philosophy, and Pure Science, in Columbia University, has written concerning this: "The suggestion was a sincere attempt to establish the fundamental principles of the Declaration of London and keep maritime warfare within well understood legal bounds in so far as it might touch the rights of neutrals. It was certainly fair to both belligerents. If

anything it conceded more to Great Britain than to Germany. The moment when this suggestion was laid before the British and German governments was the moment of supreme test in determining the responsibility for the future course of maritime warfare, not only in this war, but perhaps in wars to come; and the party rejecting it will be held by impartial history to be the bearer of the responsibility for all the deeds of both parties in violation of the existing laws of maritime warfare." Pretty plain writing, this by Dr. Burgess. It is something worth thinking about even while we are in the war. We believe that the Judge of all the earth has in mind many things that the best of the belligerents have forgotten or insist on as of no value in the estimate.

We do not seek to justify Germany for her ruthlessness because of this action on the part of Great Britain. We merely link them together in wrongdoing and in the penalty consequent thereon. All who sow to the wind will reap the whirlwind. Great Britain sinned. Germany sinned (more awfully, if you wish to think so). Finally the United States is drawn into the war; just why only the future can make plain.

We could cite much more to show that our entrance into the war cannot be justified in any conclusive way on account of German ruthlessness in the submarine war. Here is a point by Professor Burgess that merits serious thought: "When a belligerent unlawfully prevents a neutral from commerce and trade with its enemy, and the neutral does not enforce its right against nor withdraw from commerce and trade with the offending belligerent, then is the neutral virtually an ally of such belligerent. Under such conditions, the appeals of the neutral to the retaliating belligerent lose much, if not all, of their force. They lack the element of sincerity indispensable to effectiveness."

We are wondering whether the Infinite Being, who must be ruling and over-ruling in this war—unless he has left mankind unguided to bring down the kingdom of God out of heaven upon the earth or the kingdom of Satan and ultimate ruin, whichever might happen to win—we are wondering whether this Infinite Being is not considering in all their fullness some things which mortal minds see only dimly and partially.

What if President Wilson was right when he in the early weeks of the war took the position that the loaning of money to a belligerent government by a neutral government or the citizens or subjects thereof was an unneutral act? Receding from that position the United States was soon entangled inextricably in the war in a commercial way. Our financiers loaned money in such a manner that not only their own financial life, but that of the nation as well, were bound up in and with the Allies.

The immense trade that the United States had with the German and Austro-Hungarian countries was practically annihilated almost in a day when the war came, and we were threatened with industrial disaster. Soon, as an offset to this loss began that remarkably increased trade with Great Britain and her allies for the things they needed for the prosecution of the war, and in a short time the United States had become such a chief base of supplies for munitions of war as to lead some eminent students of constitutional law to regard it as an infraction thereof. Grant that it was not. But we cannot help wondering what God may think of the morality of it, and whether in the light of that commercialism which was rooted in our country as nowhere else we may not look this way to find why the United States got into the war. In our mad rush for some time after the Almighty Dollar we were losing

our souls and only in the awful cataclysm of war could we be brought to see whither we were tending, and be headed in another direction and be saved from final ruin.

It is on such grounds as these that those persons who believe that President Wilson may have erred in his diplomacy with Great Britain and Germany, and those who believe that we, by even a legal furnishing of munitions, may have so contributed to the maddening of Germany as to be drawn into the vortex of the war and put under penalty, can justify our entrance therein and back up the Government in its prosecution. No one has to stand by his country, right or wrong; no one has to sidetrack his judgment and accept the conclusions of others. The man who believes we are in the war for reasons such as these can be as thoroughly loyal as the man who concludes that Germany had no good reason at all to defy us despite the fact that we determined to make her toe the mark and yet let Great Britain do as she pleased with our neutral rights. Let the man who thinks that the United States is in the war merely to help cure Germany of her militarism and to punish her for her ruthlessness go on thinking so; let the one who thinks that we are in to make democracy safe everywhere, go on thinking so; let the one who thinks that it is to bring about everywhere a new birth of democracy, to turn our own country from a course which was fast making it a plutocracy, go on thinking so. All can be loyal. Shame on the man who shouts "traitor" at any one who backs up the Government, no matter what he thinks has brought us into the war!

We have a profound conviction that the persons who today are standing most against our national interests are those who fail to see that all the nations are now before the judgment bar of God. This, no matter where we place God—as immanent or as transcendent, one or both; whether we regard mankind as developed in the evolutionary way, with God remote, simply starting man on his earthly course and leaving him then to work out his destiny; or whether we hold him to keep a guiding hand on the reins. No matter what the belief as to this, men are being moulded somehow, somehow, by Somebody, or Something, and we are at a point now in the process where life is being tested and weighed supremely. Something is wrong or imperfect, or we wouldn't be in these awful experiences. They are birth pangs, at any rate—and God, we may say, is back of the birth pangs. Accordingly, in some sense, all nations are at the judgment bar of God.

It seems as if there were something to which even the person who doesn't believe in war at any time, in any circumstances, could anchor himself. Surely this war will help along the day when there will not be war any more. It bids fair to wipe humanity off the face of the earth, or be a stepping-stone to another soon that will do this, or make war thereafter practically impossible. The persons to whom we as a people have given the decision of the question of war voted to go in; very many persons throughout the country thought that we ought to go in. Evidently we, like our European brethren, hadn't arrived at that stage in human development on which we could refuse to go to war in any circumstances. Those of us who have arrived at that cannot just now persuade those of us who haven't arrived to lay down arms and take the consequences whatever they might be—perhaps go to Calvary as a nation, if need be, as Jesus went as an individual.

What can any one do other than see it through? Nothing except to hope and to pray that the lives and affairs of all the belligerents may be so shaped in the furnace fires at an early date as to make possible the end of the struggle for the good of all mankind and the glory of God.

GOD IN THE BATTLES OF THE NATIONS.

A Sermon by the Editor of The Pacific.

(This sermon was written while the Editor was pastor of what is now called the University Congregational Church of Seattle. If written in the year 1917 it might be different. Nevertheless, we believe that in this period of readjustment, it may have some suggestiveness; or may at any rate serve as the basis for certain thoughts to be set forth later.)

There are more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh, but with us is Jehovah, our God, to help us and to fight our battles.—II Chron. 32:7-8.

Sennacherib, king of Assyria, had besieged Jerusalem. From the time that he had entered the country of Judah on the north nothing but triumph had marked his pathway. Forty-six of King Hezekiah's fenced cities had been assaulted and taken. Castles and villages had been destroyed, and much material of war taken into possession by the victorious invader.

Sennacherib had declared that he would pitch his silken tents and plant his standards, not only in the north of Judah, but even in the gardens and palaces of the capital city. The work of subjugation having been accomplished elsewhere; chief priests and great men having been put to death, and their bodies displayed on stakes around the conquered cities; and many of the inhabitants of less importance given over to slavery, the order came for the march to Jerusalem.

When the Assyrian hosts had covered the hills and valleys around the city, to the majority of the people their case seemed hopeless. In only one heart was there no lack of courage. Unto the prophet Isaiah it had been given to see through to the very end. But the prophet had lost control of the mass of the citizens. Instead of wearing the girdle of penitence, they gave themselves to lightness and revelry, to eating and drinking and drunkenness, saying, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

But the siege had gone on for a time; for Hezekiah, the king, would not at first surrender. But Hezekiah at length agreed to a capitulation. In the payment of the tribute demanded not only the temple treasury and the palace exchequer were emptied, but the gold was stripped from the gates and doors of the sanctuary. And in addition to the woven cloth, scarlet and embroidered; in addition to the precious stones, and couches of ivory and valuable robes and skins and movable thrones, and treasures of every kind that accompanied this golden tribute, there went also some of the daughters of the palace and male and female slaves.

This humiliating treaty having been arranged, the Assyrians withdrew from Jerusalem; and made siege of the remaining unconquered city of Judah, lying to the south and not far from the borders of Egypt. But while conducting this siege, Sennacherib learned that one of the Egyptian kings was moving towards him with rapid marches for the help and protection of the people of Judah. It occurred to the Assyrian king then that Hezekiah's submission and capitulation had been a mere subterfuge to gain time for the arrival and anticipated succor of the Egyptian monarch. Accordingly a part of the Assyrian forces at once reappeared before Jerusalem. Their reappearance had been expected; rumors to that effect having preceded them. Because of such rumors Hezekiah had sent ambassadors to Sennacherib in the south, attempting to convince him that no treachery was intended. But the embassy had not been successful. The messengers had returned, weeping as they approached the gates. Again were the hearts of the people filled with dismay, as the

Assyrian standards rested on surrounding hill and in adjacent valley. Desirous of taking the city without the time and trouble necessary in a siege, the Assyrians parleyed for a surrender. Encouraged by the assurances of the prophet Isaiah, King Hezekiah refused all overtures. Speaking in the presence of the people the Assyrian representatives counseled them that they allow not Hezekiah to deceive them. They were accused of putting trust in Egypt, of taking Egypt as a staff on which to lean; it was a poor broken reed, which could really give no support, but which would shiver under the weight of their hands and pierce them. If they were looking to Jehovah for help, be it known that their king had insulted Jehovah by taking away the high places and altars in Judah and by setting up one altar before which alone the people had been made to worship. Moreover, Sennacherib, they claimed, was well known to have come up into the land with a commission from Jehovah to destroy it.

Foiled in his first attempt to secure a surrender of the city, Sennacherib addresses a letter to the king. He recounts in this letter a long list of countries and cities whose gods had not been able to protect them from his invasions, and warns Hezekiah not to let the god of his country, Jehovah, deceive him by false promises of deliverance. When this message had come to Hezekiah, he went up to the temple, and, according to his custom, laid the matter before the Lord. His prayer was at once touching and sublime. "Of a truth," he said unto the Lord, "the kings of Assyria have laid waste all the nations and their countries." It was true, as Sennacherib had said, that they had cast their gods into the fire and had destroyed them, for they were not gods; but simply the work of men's hands. And now, therefore, that all the kingdoms of the earth might know that Jehovah was the Lord, and the only Lord, his prayer was "save us from the hand of Sennacherib."

The king, in his need, had appealed to a God who can hear and answer prayer. And in his prayer, he was more mindful of God's honor than of his own need. He asked that they be saved from the hand of Sennacherib, not simply that they might be lifted up out of trial and suffering and death, but that the kingdoms of the earth might be made to know by an exhibition of his power the living and true God.

The conditions of prayer complied with on the part of the king, the prophet Isaiah at once received a fresh intimation of the intentions of Jehovah. The king was again cheered and comforted by the patriotic seer. Once more could the king say to the people: "Be strong and courageous; be not afraid, nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him. For there are more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles." The words of Jehovah, the God of Israel, to the king, through the prophet, were to the effect that he had heard the prayer against Sennacherib; that the Assyrian should not come into the city, that he would defend it for his own sake and in memory of his faithful servant David.

Strong in the memory of past victories, and in a consciousness of mighty equipments for war, the Assyrian hosts pressed on to gain these crowning victories around Jerusalem and in Southern Palestine. But they had not counted aright their foe; nor sufficiently estimated his strength. One with God has always made a majority. And it was as the king had said: With Judah was the Lord, their God, to help them, and to fight their battles. In the stillness of the night the angel of the Lord went forth to smite that armed host; and when the morning came, 185,000 men lay dead on the trampled ground.

Byron has given us a graphic word-picture of that scene of death:

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
The host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

"And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

"And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown."

With his hitherto invincible hosts thus decimated, Sennacherib withdrew from Palestine and dwelt at Nineveh. Vast military campaigns were successfully carried on in future years; but for some reason the great Assyrian king showed again no inclination to molest the people of Judah. The hand of God fighting for his people, smiting their foes by means of the plague arising from pestilential marshes, he had felt to be stronger than the arms of flesh. In the supreme moment, Asshur, his god, had forsaken him. Jehovah, the god of Judah, had proved more powerful in the finality of affairs than asshur, the god of the Assyrians. Sennacherib was wise enough to accept the arbitrament of that war, and so the sunshine of prosperity rested again on the land of Judah. This divine interposition was not without lessons of good and fruitful results among the people of Israel. In a deliverance so wonderful, the hand of God was plainly discernible. Accordingly the temple services were never better attended; the worship never more earnest nor the ministrations more helpful. The melodies of psalms of praise filled the sacred courts; and the smoke went up from countless sacrifices. The harp of Hebrew poetry was struck once more, and sounded the national exultation in the words of the sons of Korah, in the 46th Psalm:

"God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas."

The influence of this wonderful deliverance was felt not alone among the people of Israel in the periods immediately following, but it has come with powerful impression down through centuries of time. On the eve of his great battle with Nicanor in the year 165 B. C., Judas Maccabeus, as his troops fasted and prayed, recalled to their minds the night when the angel of death sent forth by Jehovah had smitten the hosts of Sennacherib. And ever on the anniversary of that fateful retreat of the French, under Napoleon, from the city of Moscow, the story of Sennacherib's flight from Jerusalem, stricken sore by the avenging hand of Almighty God, is read in the churches of that Russian city. And it was that exultant Psalm—"God is our refuge and strength"—that was made the basis of Martin Luther's grand hymn—a hymn sung by the armies of Germany before each battle, in every great national crisis, for nearly three hundred years:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

The great captains and armies of the world have always felt strong, and courageous, and undismayed, when God seemed plainly on their side. The uncertainties of war have not led men to indorse the statement of Napoleon that victory is always with the "strongest battalions." Indeed, that great soldier himself must have revised his opinion, as in the solitude of St. Helena he pondered and brooded over his brilliant but unsuccessful career. For it was while a prisoner on the island of St. Helena that he declared that the most astounding surprise of his military life was the failure of his campaign in Russia. The laws of war had been with Napoleon the study of his life. In that study and in the practical application of those laws, he stood doubtless the foremost man of all the earth. His were without question the strongest battalions; and according to those laws with which he was so familiar it did not seem possible that he could fail. And yet, three months from the time he entered Moscow with that grand army of 500,000 men, he returned to France with but 20,000 of them remaining.

I do not know whether it is historical or not, but I have read that when Napoleon was about to invade Russia a person who had ineffectually endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes." And Napoleon indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian woman, hearing the impious boast, remarked: "I set that down as the turning point in Napoleon's fortunes. God will not permit a creature thus with impunity to usurp his prerogatives." Perhaps the time had come for God to say thus to Napoleon, as he had said to Sennacherib, that all his boasting was vain folly; that he had done nothing in his own might; but all as the appointed instrument of Jehovah.

Looking back upon the past, it is easy to see that God used Napoleon as a scourge for the nations that needed scourging. And that when the time had come for the world to be again at peace he dealt with Napoleon as he had dealt with Sennacherib, by putting a ring in his nose and a bridle in his mouth, and turning him back in his triumphal course. And so it was that two years from the time Napoleon, with his grand army, had crossed the Russian frontier, the former foremost sovereign of the world abdicates the throne of France and goes into exile on the isle of Elba. His star of empire rises, however, again; but soon goes down forever on the field of Waterloo.

History is full of examples like this. God has throughout all time been fighting in the battles of the nations.

Under Philip II of Spain an intolerant Catholicism sought to crush Protestantism from the face of the earth. The empire of Philip was one of the most powerful and splendid ever in existence. For many years he was supreme, both on land and sea. The historian Macaulay declares that it is no exaggeration to say that during several years his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. To crush Protestantism, England must be crushed. The so-called "invincible Armada" was about to sail for the shores of Britain. It was a fleet that might well bring dismay into the hearts of Englishmen. But the admiral and the vice-admiral sickened and died. England gained time for defense. Again at sea, the fleet encountered a violent storm; some vessels were sunk and others so disabled as to necessitate a return to port. When, finally, the formidable fleet appeared off the coast of England, it was encountered by the English fleet, not half its equal in number, weight, or size. It has been remarked

that the firmness and courage of the English were less remarkable than the temerity and confusion of the enemy. "The elements fought for the righteous cause. The fire, the wind and the tempest were so many angels of death to the boasted invincibility of the Spaniards. And the destruction of this vast and formidable armament was effected almost without human agency."

God had a work in the future for the English people to do; and English Protestantism was a flower of his own planting. And so, with the Spaniards there was only an arm of flesh; while with the English was the Lord their God, helping them and fighting their battles.

I might cite several instances in which God was present with the people of our own nation, helping them, and fighting their battles. For, in our affairs at every period of our existence as a nation, there has been manifested the providence of God. One notable instance is found in the records of those dark days of civil war. It was a dark night in the history of the Republic when the sun had gone down on that day which witnessed the destruction of our naval vessels at Hampton Roads. The great sea-coast cities of the North were no longer safe. There was nothing to dispute with the Merrimac, the supremacy of the seas; and during the early night of that fateful day it seemed not improbable that this single vessel might decide both on land and sea the issues of the war, in favor of slavery and the South. But the disastrous consequences of the inexplicable apathy of the naval board had been averted by the forethought of inventive genius and private patriotic enterprise. Erricson and that strange little craft, the Monitor, turned back the tide of war that was sweeping up to engulf the principles of liberty and lead the nation thence on to its ruin. The history of the projection and construction of the world-famous Monitor seems to show indisputably that God was present with his people, helping them to fight their battles.

In the early months of our civil war the cry was, "On to Richmond!" With the capital city of the confederacy in the possession of the North the thought was that the rebellion would soon be ended. And our armies were for some time so near to Richmond that in the silent hours of the night and on the quiet Sabbath mornings they could hear the bells striking off the hours. And yet they did not press on and enter the city as many thought they should do. Many attempts have been made to explain—to account for the apathy and delay. In the light of all that we know today, I ask, Shall we blame McClellan, or Shall we blame God? Wait a moment! Perhaps we shall blame neither! Notwithstanding Lincoln's great abhorrence of slavery, from that day when as a young man in New Orleans he had said as he saw men and women, with souls as white as his, sold on the auction block, that if God ever gave him a chance he would strike it a hard blow, he had great reverence for law. Lincoln wanted to destroy slavery; Lincoln wanted to stand by the constitution of the Republic of which he was President. In August, 1862, he wrote to Horace Greeley: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that."

Lincoln along with others wondered why the war was prolonged. In September, 1862, he said to some Quakers who went to him to tell him that he had their sympathy and prayers:

"If I had had my way this war would never have been commenced. If I had been allowed my way, this war would have ended before this; but we find it still con-

tinues, and we must believe that He (God) permits it for some wise purpose of his own—mysterious and unknown to us. Though with our limited understanding we may not be able to comprehend it, yet we cannot but believe that he who made the universe still governs it."

Lincoln was led of God finally to see that the Emancipation Proclamation was a necessity, and that the time had come to issue it. God's paramount object was that the enslaved should be freed. The issuance of that proclamation, or its going into effect rather, marked the turning point in our civil war, notwithstanding the fact that for two long years thereafter the bloody conflict continued. In a few months came the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg; and soon then Grant, whose career in the war plainly shows him to have been an instrument of the Lord, by such terrific fighting and consequent slaughter on both sides as would in the early years of the war have horrified the people and brought his deposition, hammered the life out of the rebellion.

In all those later years Lincoln was calm and undismayed. His thought was: "There are more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh, while with us is the Lord our God, to help us and to fight our battles."

In ways inexplicable it was given to him to know that victory would crown our arms at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. Like the Man of Nazareth, in whose footsteps he walked during all those awful years of war, it was given to him to enter into some of the secret things of God—even to see that for him it was "not to go over this Jordan." When Father Chiniquy went to him with a warning of the danger of assassination, he read to him six verses from the 3rd chapter of Deuteronomy, which he had been reading again and again for several weeks, beginning, "Ye shall not fear them; for the Lord your God he shall fight for you," ending with the verses setting forth the prayer of Moses, "Let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan," but whom the Lord told to be content with a view from the top of Pisgah. The oftener he read the scripture words the more he felt that they were written for him as well as for Moses.

Once when his friend Chittenden said to him, "If your views are correct, the Almighty is on our side, and we ought to win without so many losses," Lincoln replied, "We have no right to criticise or complain; he is on our side. * * * I used to lose heart sometimes. Now, I seem to know that Providence has protected us and will protect us against any fatal defeat. All that we have to do is to trust the Almighty and keep on obeying his orders and executing his will."

When, not many months after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, several persons called on Lincoln to congratulate him on the success that had come to the armies of the North, he said to them: "I never believed in slavery, but I felt that I was elected President of both the North and the South. When Sumter was fired upon, and I called for seventy-five thousand men, my determined purpose was to save the country and slavery; and I called for over a half-million men with the same determination. But, on many a defeated field there was a voice louder than the thundering of cannon. It was the voice of God, crying, 'Let my people go. We were all very slow in realizing it was God's voice, but after many humiliating defeats the nation came to believe it as a great and solemn command. Great multitudes begged and prayed that I might answer God's voice by signing the Emancipation Proclamation, and I did it, believing we never should be successful in the great struggle unless we obeyed the Lord's command.' Since that the 'God of Battles' has been on our side."

IS OUR NATION WORTHY?

The sermon which is printed in The Pacific this week applies to the side of the North in our Civil War the passage of Scripture: "There are more with us than with him; with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is Jehovah our God to help us and to fight our battles." Next week we shall ask and answer the question, Are those words as applicable to our nation in the present struggle as they were to the North in the years of the war that resulted in the destruction of slavery?

Students of the International Sunday School lessons will find that this sermon (though the text is from another book of the Bible than that in which next Sunday's lesson is taken,) covers the ground of that lesson.

Does that sermon make God a "God of War" in a way that does violence to God? We print it in order to start thought. It seems, as one goes over the years of our civil war, that God did overrule for the destruction of slavery.

Comments on the sermon will be welcomed.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By the Rev. Fred F. Goodsell.

Two Points of View.

I had just returned from a long walk along the boulevards. The center of the city was surging with interminable crowds. Moscow had never seen such days, despite the fact that her history is full of revolutions. Street cars had disappeared, policemen were conspicuous by their absence, the waving red banners of the revolution were everywhere in evidence, but there was no violence, no disorder. I was puzzled at first. In my mind a revolution had been associated with bloody streets and wild riots. And I really thought that was what Moscow was to witness when my first glimpse of the new turn of events was a lorry, dashing wildly up the street, filled with armed students and soldiers and bedecked with red bunting. The table talk passed the events of the day in review. Inexpressible joy seemed to fill every member of the household just as it had seemed to fill and thrill the whole city. The climax of the conversation was reached over the question as to the result of the revolution for the war. The first remark by an ardent woman suffragist member of the group foreshadowed and summed up all that followed: "Whatever the revolution means, it will not mean peace with Germany before we are completely victorious." After dinner fifteen-year-old Irene rushed into the room from the kitchen where she had been talking with the peasant woman cook. The cook had been out on the streets a good part of the day, too, having her part in municipal house-keeping, so she thought. But Irene was tickled to report a remark which showed how far after all the cook was both from desiring as well as understanding the present course of events. "All this preparation and celebration are very fine, but when is the Czar coming?" The fact that he had signed his abdication that day at Pskov made no impression on her peasant consciousness. She couldn't think of Russia without a czar. It is doubtful whether her class as a whole can.

The Duma the Rallying Point.

All winter long the doings and fate of the Fourth Imperial Duma had been the center of ill-suppressed excitement. The Czar and his ministry had been playing "hide and seek" with this body so long that many people doubted

whether it was after all a fit instrument to effect a revolution. But the stand which the Duma took unitedly in response to Miliukov's thrilling speech of arraignment of the pro-German policy of Sturmer and the Empress in December convulsed the country with excitement and led to the downfall of Sturmer. Twice following this the Czar by appointing reactionary premiers, dared to challenge the power and insult the growing self-respect of the Duma. After a long delay that body reopened its sessions on February 27th. It will probably never be known just what influences were successful in preventing a popular revolutionary outbreak on that day. Two weeks were not to pass, however, before the fires of revolution were blazing in Petrograd.

Causes.

It would be easy to enumerate an imposing series of underlying causes for the upheaval. The indescribable complexity of vital interests among 180 millions of people forbid the isolation of any single tendency or event as the cause. The steady growth of popular education, the restlessness and dissatisfaction among the laboring classes, deep-eated and persistent desires for the emancipation of Russia from the despotism of the bureaucracy and the police, the criminal weakness of Nicolai II, anxiety among the thoughtful patriots with reference to the conduct of the war which might at any time during the winter have been ended as far as official Russia was concerned by a separate peace with the Central Powers—these things point to critical aspects of the life of Russia in revolution.

The War and the Revolution.

It is certainly not true that the Revolution is essentially a product of the war. The Revolution would have come without the war in the course of the rapid self-development of the Russian democracy, but the misconduct of the war in certain respects has offered the necessary stimulus to bring affairs to a crisis. The vast army which Russia has put into the field has only just begun to tax the resources of the country for its maintenance. The difficulties of the commissary department are concerned with transportation more than with supplies. Friends of mine in Moscow told me that during the first two years of the war there was little if any inconvenience in the matter of securing ordinary provisions and comparatively little increase in prices. Since the summer of 1916 there has been a different tale. Problems of transportation have become acute. This, together with the consequent increase of prices of almost all staples, and the growing suspicion resting upon the government with regard to the conduct of the war has aroused the masses of the people and has inspired them to demand different government leadership. When workmen have to go to work in the morning without bread, when sugar is well nigh unobtainable, when housemaids and others have to stand in line for hours day after day in worse than zero weather to get oil or butter or bread, when the scarcity and high price of meat compel the great majority of city populations to be satisfied with a vegetarian diet, people begin to feel as well as to ask the reason. Military critics present an equally severe arraignment of operations at the front. Action of some stern sort is bound to follow such a record, especially when there is an underlying conviction that these things need not have been so.

The Empress, Rasputin and Germany.

Russia has suffered real misfortune in the affairs of its imperial family. The Empress of Russia was a pure German. Unlike the great Catherine who was also a pure German, she did not love the Russian nation when she married the Czar. She did not at the time of her marriage

or later, take any pains to demonstrate any severing of her German ties. Nor has she made any real use of the great opportunity offered by the war to establish herself in the affections of the Russian people. On the contrary, she has allowed herself to fall under suspicion of grave treason. This cloud which has rested upon her has seemed darker and uglier because of the rumors of unpleasant family life in conflict with the will of her somewhat weak-willed husband. This state of affairs has been rendered still worse by the career at court of the Siberian "monk" Rasputin, who found his way into the favor of the Empress. His personal power with and over her has given rise to most scandalous tales which, whether true or not, have embittered the people of Russia against the Empress. This feeling found a dramatic climax and expression in two events in December, 1916: the mysterious murder of Rasputin by two young princes, and the ominous references to the Empress in the famous speech of Millukov, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Duma. Evidence is said to be in hand which establishes the fact that the Empress was playing into the hands of Germany. One persistent story tells of her insistence upon the inactivity of the Russian armies around Riga shortly after their victorious engagements in December. This was probably very closely connected with the downfall of Sturmer shortly before Christmas, an event which led rapidly to the Revolution the first of March.

The Czar and the Revolution.

It is hard to believe that the Czar has known for many years of the real state of the country. He has been poorly informed and maliciously advised. Both facts are perhaps due to his own weakness in choosing his advisers and in committing himself so thoroughly to men who possessed neither the confidence of the country nor a passion for its welfare and development. His ignorance and weakness were strikingly illustrated by his indecisions and action when the revolutionary crisis broke. Rodzyanko, the president of the Duma, sent two momentous telegrams to the Czar on two successive days. These were delayed in reaching him but finally drew forth first an order dissolving the Duma and then the appointment of Protapopoff as temporary dictator of the government at the capital. The Duma met the order for dissolution with a crisp refusal. This was March 12th. Three days later the Czar abdicated without a struggle.

Government Measures of Suppression.

His regime, however, prepared to resist. The fight defined itself as a struggle between the people represented by the Duma and the government represented by the Minister of the Interior, Protapopoff. This man had been at one time vice-president of the Duma and was supposedly a liberal. Imperial favor and ministerial responsibility seem not to have rested well upon him. His desertion of the liberal cause has embittered many who have been ready to acknowledge his powers as an able administrator. He saw the revolutionary outbreak coming and believed that he could suppress it with the police force, or at most, with the Cossacks and the Guard troops whom he believed would remain loyal. He augmented the police force to 40,000 men within the city of Petrograd. He provided them with 2,000 machine guns. These were located here and there about the city in positions concealed from view but commanding the principal streets and boulevards. He promised the police a great increase in pay, rumor says they were to have 70 roubles apiece per day for actual fighting, and 3,000 roubles were promised to the family of any policeman who lost his life. Protapopoff's measures and orders were those of a cold-blooded criminal.

"The Reign of Terror" in Petrograd.

The strike which had been declared on Thursday morning represented the political as much as the economic effort of the 200,000 or more workmen in the factories of the capital. An eight hour day was their central demand. Thursday and Friday there was much marching and counter-marching on the part of the strikers in many parts of the city. Friday evening and Saturday the government attempted to disperse the street crowds by sending mounted Cossacks into them with their ugly whips. This has hitherto been a very successful measure. But the crowd soon noticed that the Cossacks used their whips so skillfully that no one was hurt, and that they did it with a smile on their faces. On every hand the little phrase "eto nashi" (he belongs to us) was establishing sympathetic bonds between the supposedly severe Cossacks and the people. Evidently some one had been cultivating the Cossacks with such events as these in mind. This greatly encouraged the people. Saturday and Sunday the government found themselves face to face with the initial stages of a revolution. A great concourse gathered on the Nevsky Prospect in front of the Kazan Cathedral on Saturday afternoon and for the first time the red flag, the symbol of revolution, appeared among them. This crowd was dispersed by the police who did not hesitate to fire on them occasionally. Word was passed about that there would be another gathering at the same place on Sunday at one o'clock. Columns of unarmed strikers and their sympathizers were attacked by the police assisted by the soldiers on Sunday afternoon. One of my friends joined the throng which started from the Nicolai Station at the foot of the Nevsky Prospect as they determined to make their way to the Kazan Cathedral. They had not gone far before soldiers and policemen lying prone in the street fired at them. From this time on firing was very frequently heard in all sections of the city. The number of victims of the street fighting is variously estimated from 4,000 to 1,000. The demonstration of bravery without armed resistance on Sunday afternoon on the Nevsky and the impotent foolish cruelty of the authorities evidently stiffened thousands of people and threw them into active sympathy with the strikers; 25,000 soldiers joined the revolutionists on Monday. The red flag won to its train also great numbers of students and other energetic civilians. It became known that Protapopoff had been made dictator of the city and government and that he was likely to fight with great bitterness and persistence. The city fell into open revolt. By Monday noon the large section of the city lying north of the Neva, including the famous Petrapavlosk fortress on the little island, was entirely in the control of the people. The fortress with its stores and troops and prisoners had surrendered without a shot. An officer of the Guard Regiment stationed there with whom I dined a few days after the revolution, told me the story of that day in the fortress. All the larger guns had secretly been rendered useless by the soldiers who were not quite sure what orders they might receive from the commanding officer, but who were, nevertheless, entirely unwilling to fire on the crowds. It was a thrilling moment when the large company of political prisoners were released and walked out of the dungeons of the prison. Many of them had been there since 1905. Their places were soon to be taken by the prime minister, the members of his council and other likeminded men.

Monday afternoon the people had secured control of the Alexander bridge across the Neva leading into the Liteiny prospect southward. Not far from the southern approach of the bridge is the Arsenal, and across the street is

the Law Courts building, behind which is another political prison. The conflict raged hereabouts in a confused sort of a way until finally the prisoners were released and the huge building with its archives of police and spies set ablaze.

It was discovered that the center of resistance on the part of the troops who had remained loyal to the government was the regiment whose barracks were on the Liteiny, a few blocks south of the Law Courts. Late Monday afternoon a spirited street battle took place between this regiment, the Semyomsky, and the members of others which had actively taken the side of the people. After two hours the Semyomsky regiment was fully persuaded to join the popular cause. By midnight Monday it was said that practically all the troops in the city had become partizans of the people. Some reactionary officers had been killed, others had fled, but henceforth the majority of both officers and men donned a red badge of some sort and joined heartily in the fight for freedom.

The battle on the Liteiny was followed Tuesday morning by sharp, brief struggles throughout the city. Section after section was cleared of its police and their headquarters wrecked or burned. Another well-known political prison was opened and its occupants released. The stately residence of Baron Friedericks, the closest personal adviser of the Czar, was destroyed. At St. Isaac's Square the lower floor of the Hotel Astoria was partly destroyed in the clearing of that building of its police defenders and certain supposedly reactionary military officials whose headquarters it formed. Not all of Protopopoff's machine guns got into action on Monday, due it is said to a failure to receive the agreed-upon signal. The revolutionists met those that did speak with the voice of devilish-looking and acting armoured automobiles which would rush forth, spit fire, and scurry away. It is interesting to walk about the city and inspect not only the demolished police courts and prisons, but also to note the effects of bullets of various kinds on the fronts of stone and plaster buildings.

Victory for the People.

By Wednesday, the fight was won beyond any question. Little or no fighting occurred after that morning and the Temporary Government which had been organized at the Duma Palace in the meantime, began to assert itself very vigorously and wisely. As the old government fell in failure, the Prime Minister, Prince Galitzin and all his council fled. They were all found, arrested, and safely lodged in the prison at Petropavlosk Fortress. Other arrests were made, a harvest being brought in each day. The Duma, led by its executive, Rodzyanko, in connection with the hastily organized Council of Labor and Military Deputies, chose a committee of twelve, known as the Temporary Government, who in turn proposed a new ministry, which was sanctioned, and put about its tasks.

Moscow and Petrograd.

It is always wise to speak of the capitals of Russia rather than the capital. Moscow, even more than Petrograd, reflects the soul of the country, even though the central governmental machinery is located at Petrograd. The whole empire takes its cue from the public opinion and action in these two cities. In some respects Moscow of late has been more liberal in its tendencies than Petrograd. It is the home of more wealthy merchants and proprietors. The governmental official dominates the landscape in Petrograd. The most liberal element is the labor party. While they are closely bound with the working men in Moscow and elsewhere their provocations are somewhat more bitter and they have shown themselves both braver and more stubborn. The revolution in Petrograd began with a strike. This phase lasted nearly four days. In

Moscow the people rose as a single body and while the workers ceased work, it was to rejoice with the city as a whole and not to force some issue by a strike. Moscow would have been glad to have had an earlier share in the doings in Petrograd. It was not until Tuesday, March 12th, that there was any general excitement.

The Revolution in Moscow.

It would appear that the Moscow leaders felt the necessity of being sure of the success of the revolution in Petrograd before they threw the city into excitement. On Tuesday noon the tramways ceased to operate. Great crowds of people gathered in the main central squares of the city. Automobiles decorated with red banners and filled with armed students and soldiers patrolled the city. The police had mysteriously disappeared during Tuesday night. Numbers of them were arrested and taken to the city hall, but the great majority of them were content to disappear entirely. The only conflict of arms occurred Tuesday afternoon near the Kamenny Most where three soldiers were killed. The City Duma or Council Hall was made the headquarters of a new city government composed of representatives from the labor union and other democratic bodies. The mayor of the city, though a man enjoying general confidence, was deposed and confined for state reasons. Other prominent city officials were arrested. Arresting parties were quite popular for several days. On Wednesday afternoon as I made my way with difficulty through the vast crowd on the Red Square, I was impressed with the orderliness and good nature of everybody. Processions of soldiers and civilians were frequent occasions for lusty cheering. I noticed that the gates of the Kremlin were closed and that large companies of soldiers were stationed near them. On Tuesday no newspapers had appeared, but on Wednesday bulletins were frequent. On Thursday the papers resumed regular issue. The theaters were closed one night only, Wednesday. An atmosphere of great joy seemed to pervade the city. There was frequent singing. Everyone hastened to decorate himself or his place of business with a red badge or flag. The picturesque statue of the Poet Pushkin and the humorist Gogol were draped with red bunting. A famous patriotic extract from Pushkin's writings was displayed before his monument as though he were speaking directly to the Russian people at this the supreme moment of their later history. Everywhere throughout the city the insignia of the imperial family were torn down from signs and windows. Every effort was made to erase the marks of monarchy. Even calling cards of officials had the word connecting them with the Czar scratched. And amid all this change and excitement no malicious violence of any kind was noticeable. A stranger from the west could not but marvel at the self-control and good sense manifested by the masses of the people. Somehow or other mob psychology in Russia seems strangely modified from that of the western mob. On Saturday a great procession followed to their resting places the bodies of the three soldiers who had been the only victims of police opposition. Cabmen in usual numbers did not appear until the following Tuesday, nor were the tramcars running until that day. But the city very soon resumed its orderly and busy appearance. I made the twelve-hour journey from Moscow to Petrograd Sunday night, March 18-19. The railroads were operating as usual though on the reduced war schedule. An irresistible impression of the good sense of all classes of Russians remained dominant in my mind. It was not to be weakened by another period of residence in Petrograd.

Constructive Patriotism in Petrograd: Self-control.

There was a surprising lack of all evidence of a spirit of revenge on the part of the revolutionists. The gutted

police headquarters all over the city with their yawning windows and fire-scarred walls are evidence not of a revengeful spirit but of accurate knowledge of the lair of the spirit of despotism. Contrast these ruins with the fine lines of the Winter Palace to which no harm of any kind was done. The only evidence of a change of government one can detect as he stands at any point on the great public square is the red flag of the revolution waving from the staff of the Winter Palace. Until the imperial arms and insignia could be removed from the doors and gates of the beautiful iron fence surrounding the garden of the Winter Palace, they were covered with red bunting. This interesting appeal to the people of the city was displayed here and there on the walls of public buildings:

"Citizens: the old proprietors have gone. They have left an enormous inheritance. It now belongs to the entire people. Guard this inheritance, guard the palaces. They will become the palaces of national art. Preserve the pictures, the statues, the buildings, —these are the incarnation of the spiritual strength of ourselves and our ancestors, the art—and art is something wonderfully beautiful—which people of talent were able to create even under the crushing regime of despotism. Don't touch a single stone, preserve the monuments, the buildings, the antiquities, the documents. All this is our art, our pride."

Executive Committee of the Labor Council and Military Deputies.

One wonders whether anywhere but in Russia such a document would originate in the minds of a Labor Council, and that, during the hot days of a national revolution.

A Sober Revolution.

Can we find any lesser worthy motive than that of constructive patriotism for the precautions taken when great stores of liquor were at the disposal of the street crowds? It is estimated that over \$200,000 worth of it were poured into the sewers. This was taken not from saloons, for there are none, but from the secret stores of hotels and private cellars. The self-control of the masses of the people during the revolution has been heightened by habits of temperance during the last two years. I have seen just one man intoxicated in Moscow and Petrograd during the last month. For the five months previous I had seen only two. Could there be a more brilliant justification of the social justice of vodka prohibition in Russia than its sober revolution?

Organization and Order.

None the less remarkable, one is inclined to say, has been the exhibition of organizing ability with the common welfare in view. The university students have taken the lead in this. Some have even come to Petrograd from other cities for service. Imagine cities with over two million inhabitants each, suddenly left without a single policeman. The traffic cop as well as the patrol and the detective vanished. But almost immediately there appeared representatives of the city militia, organized on the spot for all kinds of duty, including service at the railway stations (which were choked beyond measure), and city messenger and guard service. On every hand one noticed evidences of the pervasiveness of patriotism. Everyone seemed eager to do his bit, and if there was nothing to do, he would endure inconvenience without grumbling.

The New Government.

The Imperial Duma is the scene of incessant activity. Its home, the Taurida Palace, has been the headquarters for the revolutionary forces. Thither gathered immense crowds on that eventful Monday to hear President Radz-yanko report his telegrams to the Czar. Arresting parties

brought suspects in great numbers to its halls. Protopop-off is said to have delivered himself in a rather melodramatic way to the Temporary Government here. The Committee of Twelve, and the Council of Labor and Military Deputies, as well as the Duma itself have their sessions here. The new cabinet, really the creation of the Duma, is a liberal coalition group. Kerenski, the Minister of Justice, 28 years of age, chosen from the leaders of the Labor Party, is a picturesque figure. He has commended himself thus far to the sober sense of all parties. In his dealings with the arrested former ministers and with the deposed imperial family, he has acted as though he thought less of yesterday's wrongs and more of tomorrow's rights. In the Premier, Prince Lvov, who is also the Minister of the Interior, and in Mr. Guchkoff, the Minister of Marine and War, the country has her ablest democratic leaders. They have long been identified with the Duma, and of late, they have distinguished themselves in their work for the army through the Union of Cities, and the Zemstva Union. An officer was telling me last week of the loyal way in which these bodies have supported the army. Their opportunities for service under the new regime will be multiplied many times. The outstanding problem of the present ministry is the successful conduct of the war. No greater mistake could be made than to suppose that the Revolution means peace without victory. But internally the ministry is faced with an equally grave, if not more serious problem, the welding of the country into a harmonious form of national life. Preparations are well advanced for a Constituent Assembly which shall determine for the people as a whole the form which the Government shall take for the future. This will not be held for some months to come but in the meantime Russia is going to school as never before in her history.

Celebrations.

Hardly a day passes now without some public demonstration of joy and hope. Processions of soldiers following a band and carrying red banners emblazoned with the mottoes of freedom and brotherhood are always interesting. On Sundays usually the partisans of some section of the Empire give witness to their joy and advertise their hope. One day it is the Little Russians, another the Poles, another the Finns, another the Estonians. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are rivalled by freedom of parade. All parties and all sections made April fifth a memorable day by joining in one vast funeral procession. About four hundred of the victims of the street fighting were to be buried on the great city parade square, the site chosen for a monument of these days. Everyone, including hotel maids and porters, turned out. The whole city was organized for participation. The lines began to move early in the morning. At six o'clock in the evening miles of paraders were still waiting to pass the central point. The columns marched eight abreast. Occasionally the bands would play a funeral dirge and all heads within hearing would be uncovered. Songs specially written for the occasion were frequently sung. The old national folk songs were heard. Banners of all descriptions proclaimed the new life to which the seed of the martyrs had given birth. It was an impressive ceremony. One was inclined to think that he was witnessing one of the most momentous incidents of human history, for Russia is a land of peace and power; its entrance upon aggressive peaceful democracy matches in its significance the American Revolution.

You must be an overcomer or be overcome. "Be not overcome of evil." How can you help it? "Overcome evil with good."

A LETTER FROM A FORMER CALIFORNIA PASTOR.

Lyndeboro, N. H., July 9, 1917.

Rev. W. W. Ferrier, Editor Pacific:

Dear Brother Ferrier: A copy of the June 28 Pacific comes to me from Mr. Abbott with his "obituary" on that good soldier of Jesus Christ, Mr. Maile.

In reading the paper I was much interested in your admirable sermon on The Penalties and Far-Reaching Consequences of Sin. It prompted me to prepare a similar discourse on The Record of Sin, which I preached yesterday, with your text and some of your material.

But, what prompted me to write are the editorials in this issue. I am glad that you are saying something about the moral deterioration caused by the war. The most heart-breaking part of the curse brought upon us by this reversion of the world to savagery is the breakdown of our Christianity before the storm of passion and hatred which sweeps the earth. The church has incontinently thrown over the fundamental teachings and the essential spirit of her Lord and Master, and the pulpit has been turned into a rostrum for the proclamation of the glories of war. All tolerance, impartiality and brotherly kindness have been thrown to the winds and even to quote the words of Jesus Christ is to be guilty of "treason." One can but wonder whether our Christianity is after all anything more than the thin covering of a heart still unrenewed by the grace of God.

I have hoped that the religious press might do something to stem the tide of passion. The pulpit seems largely to have abdicated its high and holy function of ministering faithfully to the spiritual man and to have become the obedient organ of the war god. I am sending you an article in The Bookman, on The Church and the New Democracy which is good reading for every minister in the land.

I wish you the divine guidance and blessing in your work. It is my custom in my public prayer to pray for all editors of the religious press.

Yours fraternally, HERBERT LATHE.

A CANADIAN PASTOR COMMENTS ON THE SERMON ON "THE PENALTIES AND FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES OF SIN."

Brantford, Ont., Canada, July 7, 1917.

My dear Dr. Ferrier:

I wish to thank you for your sermon on "The Penalties and Far-reaching Consequences of Sin."

"There will be no revival of vital religion among us" (wrote the Bishop of Oxford a few years ago), "on any large scale, or with any adequate results, except through a deepening of the sense of sin—its meaning and its consequences."

As ministers of Jesus Christ we are entrusted with the proclamation of a Gospel which is the only Gospel for a world of sin. "If we say that we have no sin"—or that sin is not—"the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness."

Your splendid message is much needed today.

A young fellow in one of the London hospitals, suffering from the consequences of his own folly, said to the visiting doctor: "Sir, God Almighty writes a very plain hand." He does. Men otherwise "smart" are foolish enough to imagine they can evade and escape from the in-

evitable result of their own conduct. A distinguished minister says that one of the shortest and most impressive sermons he ever heard was preached by a friend of his in charge of a hospital. The doctor, while dressing the wounds which sin had made, slowly repeated the words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that will he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." "I felt," says Dr. Wells of Glasgow, "as if I had been present at the last judgment!"

"Sorrow tracketh wrong—as echo follows song—on, on, on!" We read of Neoptolemus, who slew Priam, King of Troy, grasping the horns of the altar, and who himself was slain at the altar of Delphi in his own land! Phalaris was burned to death inside the brazen bull which had frequently bellowed with the dying cries of his own victims! The Sword of Agag made women childless, and his own mother was left childless among women!

A farmer once wrote to an editor: "Dear Sir, I have been making an experiment. I have a field of corn which I plowed on Sunday. I planted it on Sunday. I cut it and hauled it to the barn on Sunday. And I find I have more corn to the acre than has been gathered by any of my neighbors this October." The farmer sent his letter, sure that the editor could have no answer to the sneer implied in it. But in the next issue of the paper he read his own letter, and at the end of it this one sentence: "God does not make full settlement in October!"

Anne of Austria uttered memorable words to Cardinal Richelieu: "My Lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but He pays!" Lokman the wise, the Solomon of sunny Araby, a slave and yet a seer, was sent by his master to sow oats in a certain field. In due time his master saw barley in the ear and demanded an explanation of his slave's conduct. "I sowed barley," was the reply, "but I hoped that I should see a harvest of oats!" "How dared you play the fool on a matter of such importance?" cried the indignant master. Lokman answered: "Sir, you are constantly sowing in the world the seeds of evil, and yet you expect to reap the fruits of virtue: wherefore I thought I might have a harvest of oats from the sowing of barley!" The mistaken conduct of the Arabian master still persists. In their attitude towards the laws of sowing and reaping in the natural world, men and women are all right: but many thousands, in their attitude towards the same law in the moral and spiritual world, are all wrong! To sow folly and expect to reap wisdom; to sow disease and expect to reap health; to sow discord and expect to reap harmony; to sow the seeds of Sin and expect to reap "the fruits of Virtue," seems incredible, and yet it is being done today! Yet, sooner or later, the truth is driven home to heart and mind and soul—

"Though no mortal e'er accused you;
Though no witness e'er confused you;
Though the darkness came and fell,
O'er the very deeds of hell—

"Still your secret sin would find you,
Pass before your eyes to blind you!
Burn your heart with hidden shame,
Scar your cheek with guilty flame!

"Sin was never sinned in vain;
It could always count its slain;
You yourself must witness be
To your own soul's treachery!"

The wages of sin is death; yet not as the arbitrary

award of a judge, but as the inevitable consummation of an unarrested process. We are told that the penguin and the eagle are species of the same genus. But in process of time, urged by necessity, the regal eagle developed an unchallenged sovereignty in the world of flight, whereas the penguin, living through the undisturbed silence of centuries, is today the helpless victim of all who invade his kingdom of snow and ice. The penguin's impotence to fly is no mere award of a judge at the end of its life, but the inevitable result of certain causes. So death is the wages of sin, not as a mere award, but as a result—the consequence of a poison voluntarily taken. A modern writer asks, What is the cure for the world's disease? Many physicians are diagnosing the case with intense earnestness, and not a few have ventured to write out their prescriptions. Some prescribe education as a sufficient remedy. Teach the children how ruinous alcohol is; convince young men and women of the appalling toll which impurity demands and in course of time the wilderness will rejoice and blossom as the rose, and righteousness will spring forth in the earth. But this philosophy is shattered against the fact that some of the most highly educated are also the most drunken and the most unclean! John Stuart Mill, apostle of modern culture, before the close of his career, came to the strong conviction that "there are evils that culture cannot cure; there are blessings it cannot bestow. It cannot give peace to the conscience; it cannot shield life from sorrow." The president of De Pauw University, Dr. G. Grose, affirms: "The power to brace men's wills and to purify their hearts is not in the schools. Knowledge alone has no power to save the individual or society. Learning alone does not give men strength to resist temptation. Knowledge is power, but to be a power for good it must have the pure heart of religion. In all the halls of learning the Divine Voice must be heard—"This is the way of life; walk ye in it." Miss Vida Scudder in the latest issue of *The Yale Review*, writes: "The last years have demonstrated that John Henry Newman was right when he insisted to an annoyed Victorian England intoxicated with 'progress' that civilization is not a food in itself. Civilization is merely an instrument; the powers of hell can use it just as easily as the powers of heaven." Other physicians prescribe social reform as a sufficient cure for sin. Let the sale of intoxicants be stopped; let gambling dens be closed; let traffic in virtue be sternly repressed, and let healthy homes be provided. So shall the world reach the millennium!

The sufficiency of social effort is disproved by the simple fact that not a few of the most leprous souls live in mansions amid wealth, refinement and luxury. Some years ago, while preaching in Scotland, I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Ambrose Shepherd in Glasgow. His subject was "The Churches and Socialism." In the course of a magnificent address he said: "Assume that Socialism were established tomorrow; that they had a reconstructed society in which no man had more than he could use of material possession, and no man had less than he needed, would they have found the golden age? Could change of circumstances change nature? Were the people who needed neither to toil nor spin quite happy? Let them beware, then, of the men who set themselves to laugh out of the world the 'old bogey of sin.' The Christian Church would make an irreparable mistake if she allowed herself to be drawn from her proper task by the modern cry for social reform. The first and worst and greatest problem they had to solve was sin, and the world must be more than reformed; it must be redeemed. There must be a power used to cast out our sin and keep it out. A godless Socialism at its best would be but a whitewashing of sepulchres."

My dear friend and helper, the late Rev. J. Brierly of London, wrote: "When you have got everybody well housed, well clothed, well fed, and well equipped mentally, what have you done? The biggest scoundrels abroad today are people who have got all this. Social reform of this sort is beginning from the wrong end. It is when men's hearts have been set to the right tune; when they have learned religion's secret of faith and love—that you can build an enduring and happy world."

Man's deepest need is a clean heart, a right spirit, and only the Great Physician can give these. He brings a love that forgives, a grace that heals. He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. And His love is equalled by His power. He is able to save to the uttermost.

Very cordially yours,

W. J. THOMPSON.

SERVICES IN APPRECIATION OF THE REV. DR. ROBERT WALKER.

A service in appreciation of the Rev. Robert Walker, who passed into the other life on the 8th of July, was held in the North Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Pendleton, a member of the church, told how large a place Mr. Walker had made for himself during the few months that he was supplying for the church.

Another speaker was the Rev. T. D. Landles, who had known Mr. Walker intimately in Italy, and who told of the inspiration he had been to him as a young man in those days.

Dr. Philip Rice of San Francisco, who knew Mr. Walker both as physician and friend, paid fine tribute to him.

The Rev. Dr. Towner, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oakland, told of the things which led him to see that Mr. Walker's life had its sources high up in the hills of God. Professor Oxtoby of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, spoke in a highly appreciative way of his work in Italy and among the Italians in San Francisco—showing how in a broad-minded, catholic manner, he put aside non-essentials and centered on the Cross of Christ.

Dr. Brooks presided at the meeting. Mr. Mayer, the veteran organist in First Church, San Francisco, was at the organ and Mrs. Stich, a member of the choir sang.

Wednesday of last week a memorial service was held in First Church, San Francisco, at which time the Revs. C. L. Mears and R. C. Brooks spoke. The remarks by Dr. Brooks are given in *The Pacific* this week.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER. Given by Raymond C. Brooks at the Memorial Service in

First Congregational Church, San Francisco.

Sixty years ago on the third of May, Robert Walker was born in a village in Scotland. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of the village, and you would not remember it were I to succeed. In that rugged land of stern saints and hardy heroes he grew to a strong and promising young manhood. At eighteen he entered the employ of the London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., in Liverpool. His personal attractiveness and his unusual ability won for him at once the esteem of the management. Two years later, a lad of twenty, he was sent to Genoa, Italy, as assistant manager of the Genoa branch.

Ardent, warmhearted, eager to serve, here as in Liverpool, he identified himself with the church, not in name only, but by entering into such activities as were possible for him. In that same year Rev. John Landels of the London Baptist Missionary Society, passed away, leaving a great void in the Italian missionary field. In that hour, this young and successful business man heard the voice which said "Whom shall I send?" and answered with eager, whole-hearted devotion, "Here am I, send me." The insurance company, loath to lose so promising a man from their employ, offered him what to them seemed great inducements—his call was clear—his choice was made, and from that hour he became a preacher of the incomparable riches of Christ to the people among whom he lived and whom he had learned to love. Not having received a university training he entered the University of Rome and pursued his studies while assisting Rev. James Wall, the first Italian missionary, who entered Rome at the time of the War of Independence, as Victor Emanuel II. was being welcomed into Rome as the first king of Italy. For twenty-five years—1881-1907—Mr. Walker was superintendent of different districts from the south to the north of Italy. In 1907 he came to New York, where he was connected with the Italian Department of the Bible Teachers' Training School, Superintendent of the Italian Baptist City Mission, and leader of the Young Women's Bible class in the Fifth Avenue Church. Five years ago he was invited to supply the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, while effort was being made by the Congregationalists and Presbyterians to unite in undertaking work together among the Italians of North Beach. Under this direction he entered upon his task in September, 1912. In the last five years he has lived among us a radiant and useful life; friend, brother, skillful leader, Christian gentleman.

Yonder, in Italy, the home was established through which he has made a contribution of the largest value to the world. It will not seem unfitting to you to recall that for more than thirty years, under their roof tree, two people have lived together with a love for each other, and a devotion to Christ whom they had served which made them not simply husband and wife, but companions, friends, co-workers. Into this home came a group of clear-eyed, merry-hearted boys and girls who have shared with such singular devotion the spirit of their parents that for great numbers of people this home has been one of the most inspiring of facts.

A little more than a year ago Mr. Walker passed through a most serious illness in which his vitality was seriously drained. From it he seemed to have entirely recovered. Three weeks ago, while busy in the fellowship and about the tasks which fittingly crowned his universally fruitful life the malady returned, and this time with a grip upon him from which he could not escape. Early Sunday morning, July 8, he fell into the deep sleep in which the eager spirit was set free.

This is not the time to estimate the value of his work to the world, nor to attempt to analyze his character. Let me rather speak with appreciation of certain outstanding qualities, qualities which all of us have recognized in him, which made him strong, because of which men, women and children were drawn to him and were blessed by their contact with him.

It seems to me worth recalling that the attractive qualities in this friend of ours were what we often call the commonplaces in character. It is significant that the virtues we prize most highly in the long run are not the brilliant, spectacular, unusual, but are those solid, homely, reliable virtues which are so necessary to the best in life that they seem to us the commonplaces. If it is true that

common sense is the most uncommon kind of sense it is equally true that the commonplace virtues are most uncommonly found in any worthy perfection. One value of this friend to us is that his life reveals the value of the qualities which we may share with him. In this respect it seems to me he was like his Master. Jesus was the son of man because in Him were the virtues which are everywhere needed to make human life manly.

To begin with, Mr. Walker possessed a very sensitive, finely tuned nature. Some of us are like cart horses, useful in drawing heavy loads, but heavy, unemotional, unresponsive, unheeding the finer voices. Some are like race horses. His nature was sensitive, quick to see, quick to feel, eager to act, ardent, warm, vivid. This sort of nature often makes the possessor of it subject to moods, sometimes on the heights, sometimes in the depths; easily hurt. When we have won the victory over the weakness of this strength even a sensitive soul becomes an exceedingly valuable possession. Then one is able to hear the voice of the angels when most of us hear only the thunder of the commonplace. Then we can see the spirit of a Son of God, waiting to be released where most of us see only the rough exterior. This sensitive soul was so finely tuned to the heavenly harmonies that he escaped from the captivity of his moods into the serenity of a clear-visioned faith and he brought to his spirit the discipline which made this sensitiveness an inspiration, not a source of discomfort to others.

Life is made interesting by its contrasts. To a nature unusually sensitive he added a vigor, and courage, and fidelity which won admiration as well as love.

All of us had reason to know of his sympathy. He had a fine talent for friendship—a friendship that was genial and winsome, warmhearted and outreaching.

Then too, he was sincere, transparent. There was nothing subtle about him, nothing to conceal. Here, too, is an interesting contrast. Sincerity, sympathy, are apt to move in narrow circles. Men who love ardently are apt to hate deeply; men who are transparently sincere are apt to become intolerant toward those not in agreement with them. Indeed, in some circles intolerance is often taken as a mark of sincerity. He won his way into that nobler sincerity, and that loftier sympathy which makes the spirit catholic. He did not miss the greatest thing in the world—the love that hopeth all things.

To these fine virtues he added a deeply spiritual nature, that is, a nature accustomed to measure values in terms of spiritual possession. Worldliness has been defined as a state of mind which sees only market values. Spirituality is the state of mind which sees everywhere the values of the spirit.

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,

The saintly fact survives.

The blessed Master none can doubt

Revealed in holy lives."

MARTINEZ.

The pastor, Geo. S. Atkinson, recently received a most flattering offer to take up religious work in the Army. After much thought over it he decided to remain in the pastorate, so continues with the church at Martinez.

Last Sunday morning Martinez church planned a military service in honor of H Company, 2nd California Infantry. H Company has been camped here for several weeks now and they turned out splendidly; all except those actually on guard, were present, some of the officers returning from the city especially for the service. Some of the

men from I Company came also. The church here has tried in various ways to help the soldiers, and they have responded splendidly. Rarely a Sunday without several at service. Our church will miss them when they leave.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

President Blaisdell of Pomona College, supplied for Plymouth Church, Oakland, the last two Sundays.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco the Rev. Dr. Stauffer of Toronto, who is supplying for First Church, will speak. The following Monday Prof. W. W. Lovejoy will speak on "Forerunners of H. G. Wells in "God the Invisible King."

The Camp Curry news bulletin for July 14, says: "A large number of Congregational ministers and missionaries have been, and are now, making their headquarters at Camp Curry, while visiting Yosemite. Dr. H. H. Kelsey, Pacific Coast secretary of the American Board, with Mrs. Kelsey, left today after a week's stay. Rev. S. C. Price pastor at Santa Rosa, recently gave the Camp a series of moving picture lectures on Alaska. Among those new visitors at Camp Curry are: Rev. E. C. Oakley, pastor at Mill Valley, and Mrs. Oakley; Dr. Hilton S. Medley, recently returned on furlough after 28 years' service in Japan; Dr. Miles B. Fisher, educational secretary for the Pacific Coast, with Mrs. Fisher; Rev. F. L. Holmes, lately pastor at Venice; Rev. John B. Toomay, pastor at Chula Vista; Miss Grace Fisher, long president of the Oakland Y. W. C. A.; and Mrs. Sidney Gulick, who, with her daughter Ethel, is back to the United States on leave from the work in Japan. * * * Fred W. Morrison, the Protestant pastor in the Valley, leaves Monday with his bride for Berkeley to take up the work of the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. Completing his studies at the Pacific Seminary this coming winter, he will next spring enter the army work of the association, as has his predecessor at Berkeley, C. G. Dickson, now at the San Diego Encampment."

PILGRIM CHURCH, POMONA.

On Sunday, July 8th, seventeen persons were received to membership in Pilgrim Church, Pomona; nine on confession of faith and eight by letter. Of those uniting on confession, six were boys of the Boy's Brigade of the church. At their recent annual encampment at Idyllwild, on San Jacinto Mountain, a number of Brigade boys yielded to the claims of the Christian life, and are to take further instruction preparatory to making public confession of their faith by uniting with the church on some future communion day.

At the same service words of welcome were spoken by the pastor, Rev. William Orr Wark, to Rev. William Norris Burr who, on July 1st, became assistant pastor of "Pilgrim," to which Mr. Burr responded, expressing delight at being "called back home" after an absence from Pomona and "Pilgrim" of fourteen months.

"An "Institute of Democracy" was held in the auditorium of Pilgrim Church during the week of July 8-14. An address was delivered each evening by the Hon. J. Stitt Wilson, of Berkeley. The audiences averaged probably 700 to 800 people. Mr. Wilson's subject is expressed by

President Wilson's famous utterance: "The world must be made safe for democracy. The institute program was as follows: Sunday night, "Jesus, the Hero of World-Democracy." Monday night, "The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy." Tuesday, "The Soul of Democracy—its Nature, its Life." Wednesday, "Democracy, and the Message of Justice in the Bible." Thursday, "Bread and Butter Democracy." Friday, "Land, Labor and Democracy." Saturday, "Democracy Triumphant."

FAMOUS CONGREGATIONAL PREACHERS FLOCK TO LOS ANGELES.

Men Notable in the Denomination Filling Southern California Pulpits.

There are compensations. In spite of the fact that we did not win the National Council the lure of Los Angeles has drawn hither some of the most notable men of our denomination who are prominent in Council affairs. Quite coincidentally, too, it happens that this array of talent has favored us at just the date when the Council would have been in session had the original plans carried. There's no resisting the fascinations of Southern California, war or no war, Council or no Council!

First of all, there is Dr. Carl S. Patton of Columbus, Ohio, who is attracting wonderful audiences at First Church. Many ministers who are spending their vacations here are taking advantage of the opportunity to hear Dr. Patton, and educational leaders flock to the services to listen to the inspirational words of this man whom Andover is trying hard to woo to her presidency. Down to date Dr. Patton maintains a discreet silence as to his decision to accept or refuse the office so urgently offered by the trustees of Andover.

Then there is Dr. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin, who is spending his vacation in Pasadena. Miss Miriam Woodbury, the popular Home Missionary secretary is also taking a ten-day rest here before going to the Mount Hermon School of Missions where she is scheduled on the program.

Dr. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Pilgrim Church, St. Louis, is another sojourner among us and is just now supplying the pulpit of Pasadena First Church while Dr. Fox is away on his vacation. Dr. Woodrow, it will be remembered, was former president of the National Home Missionary Society.

Dr. Morris H. Turk, formerly co-pastor of Los Angeles First Church, now pastor of Westminster, Kansas City, arrived last week accompanied by Mrs. Turk, to visit his mother who resides in Alhambra and to renew fellowship with his many friends in Los Angeles.

Miss Mary F. Denton, head of the girls' school in The Doshisha at Kyoto, Japan, is spending her furlough here and speaking at various meetings. Last Sunday she addressed a large congregation at the Church of the Messiah.

Rev. H. H. Wentworth of Massachusetts, is supplying the pulpit of Olivet Church for July—recently made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Maile.

In recognition of the presence of all these notable people, the Congregational Ministers' Union has yet found it impossible to adjourn for the customary summer vacation for the temptation to utilize this foreign talent is too great. Already two extra sessions have been called to give our local ministers an opportunity to hear Dr. Patton, who spoke on "The Idea of God" on Monday, July 9th, and

President King of Oberlin, who addressed the meeting yesterday on "Grounds of Hope in the Changing World Order."

Patriotism Ranks High.

Two young men of Los Angeles First, Franklin B. Skeelee and Walter Humphries, have donned their khaki uniforms and are now en route for France to serve the American Field Ambulance. Young Skeelee is the son of Dean Skeelee of the University of Southern California who has been organist of First Church for a period of more than twenty years. As representatives of this church a very keen and vital interest is felt in these young patriots, whose outgoing expenses were met by private subscription from church members who wanted a share in this service for our country.

A Red Cross auxiliary has been formed by the women of the church, and every Tuesday some seventy members of the Woman's Work Society assemble in the Parish Building to sew, make surgical dressings, ambulance pillows, knit, etc., for the boys at the front. This is one of the largest and most active Red Cross organizations among the church women of Los Angeles.

Dr. James A. Francis, the popular pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, leaves August 1st to spend an indefinite time in work among the soldiers at the Y. M. C. A. camps throughout this country and overseas. His church has granted him leave of absence of four or six months, or longer, to take up his work, believing that their patriotism can be expressed in no higher way than in this giving up of their loved pastor for this important work which he is so exceptionally qualified to do.

Rev. H. B. Mowbray, pastor of the San Bernardino Congregational Church, is spending his vacation back on his farm in Ohio where he is patriotically planting and harvesting crops. In the meantime, Rev. E. R. Fuller has exchanged the climate of Bakersfield for the hardly less warm atmosphere of San Bernardino, where he is supplying Rev. Mowbray's pulpit, while the farmer-preacher is tilling his acres and incidentally getting a vacation.

Dr. George F. Kengott will return this week from a fortnight spent at Lake Tahoe where he sought a brief vacation period from his strenuous duties as superintendent of the Southern California Conference.

The big Billy Sunday tabernacle at 12th St., and Grand Ave., is completed and will be used for the next five weeks before the coming of the great evangelist for a Chautauqua meeting, the program for which fairly scintillates with the names of prominent speakers, singers and specialists.

Altogether Los Angeles is experiencing one of the liveliest summers in a religious way, that she has ever seen. Patriotism goes hand in hand with piety.

The arrival of the Belgian Commission accompanied by a former Los Angeles boy, Hugh S. Gibson, who represents the United States on this trip of the distinguished Commission across the continent, was one of the events of the week. Young Gibson, who, by the way, is a former student of Pomona College, is considered one of the most brilliant young diplomats in Europe, and was secretary of our legation under Brand Whitlock during the Belgium invasion. Just now he is stationed in Washington where the government keeps him busy.

The Summer School of Missions which closed its sessions last Friday, was one of the most successful ever held here. Nearly 1000 delegates registered, the women of the Congregational Church standing second in point of numbers. Our own First Church was the place of meeting and the reviews of the book, "Missionary Milestones," by

Mrs. Hill of New York, was of special interest.

Madame Day left for the East yesterday via Asilomar, where she will attend the Y. W. C. A. Conference before going on. She was accompanied North by Miss Louise Atsatt of the First Church, Mrs. Martin Abernathay and Mrs. S. M. Kinney of Claremont, who will attend the Conference.

SDYNEY FORD

Los Angeles, July 17th.

For The Children.

ROSE BUD'S STORY.

"Good morning, Rose Bud."

"Good morning, Robin," answered Rose Bud, with a pretty bow to Robin, as he lighted upon the rosebush.

"What a pity it is," said Robin, "that you have to stay in this garden all the time, and can never see the lakes, the tall pines, and the oaks, as I do."

"Oh!" replied Rose Bud, "I have seen more things, perhaps, than you have. I have been all over the world, and have lived in very many places. Once I was an acorn, and lived in the woods."

"Why, Rose Bud; Do you mean to say that you were once an acorn?"

"Yes; and if you will listen, I will tell you all about it."

"When I was an acorn, I remember how I hid under the leaves upon the ground, and how glad I was to escape the notice of boys who were hunting after acorns. Getting tired of hiding, and thinking that I should like to be an oak tree, I put forth little roots, began to grow, and kept on growing until I became a great, tall oak."

"One day, in winter, some men came into the woods; and one of them, pointing to me, exclaimed: 'What splendid ship timber that oak will make! Let us cut it down, and sell it to a shipbuilder.'"

"So, with their axes, they cut me down, trimmed my branches, carried me to a shipyard, and sold me. The ship carpenters kept cutting and hewing me until I became a strong beam, and was put into the ship they were building. For many years I was a beam in that ship. I went all over the world, and saw many wonderful things."

Then the Rose Bud, which tells its story in "Stories for Children," by Eleven Sophomores, an old book of themes written by pupils in school, relates how the ship became torn to pieces and of how the oak beam floated to the seashore. It continues:

"The next day a farmer, coming down to the shore, espied me, and said:

"Here is a stick of timber that has been washed ashore. It is just what I want for firewood."

"Putting me in his wagon, he carried me to his house in the country. There he sawed me, and split me into small sticks, and put me into the fire; but I was not afraid, for I knew that * * * I should only be changed into something else, just as I was changed from an acorn into an oak tree. I was right, for I was changed into ashes."

"While in the form of ashes, I heard the lady of the house say that her rosebush did not grow at all; that there were no buds on it; that it must be hungry, and that she must give it something to eat. Then I heard her say that ashes were good food for the rosebush, and that she would give it some ashes to eat, so that it might grow faster, and make her some rosebuds."

"Then she took me from the stove, and, carrying me into the garden, put me in the ground under this rosebush."

Pretty soon, the roots of the rosebush found me, and pulled me up into the bush, telling me not to be afraid, as they would * * * only change me into a beautiful rosebud.

"So you see, dear Robin, that I was first an acorn, then an oak, then ashes, and have just been changed into the rosebud you see. * * *"

THE SONG OF THE CRICKETS.

Under the grass, in the bright summer weather,
We little crickets live gayly together;
When the moon shines, and the dews brightly glisten,
All the night long you may hear if you listen—

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

We are the crickets that sing you to sleep.

We have no houses to store up our treasure,
Gay little minstrels, we live but for pleasure;
What shall we do when the summer is over,
When the keen frost nips the meadows of clover?

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

Under the hearthstone for shelter we creep.

Then when the firelight is dancing and glowing,
Nothing we'll care how the winter is blowing;
Down in our snug little cells we will sing you
Songs of the brightness the summer will bring you.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

Summer is coming, though snows may be deep.

—Emily H. Miller.

BACK EAST EXCURSIONS

SALE DATES:

July 1, 2, 11, 12, 16, 17, SHRDLU
July 1, 2, 16, 17, 24, 25, 31.
August 1, 14, 15, 28, 29.
September 4, 5.

SOME FARES: (Direct Routes)

Denver, Pueblo	\$62.50
Omaha, aKnsas City	67.50
Dallas, Houston, San Antonio	70.00
New Orleans, Memphis. St. Louis	77.50
Chicago	80.00
Minneapolis, Sa. Paul	84.45
Washington, D. C., Baltimore	116.00
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